

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, o say.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i't with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodiless creation extracie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Allsune a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature.
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so.

To